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183 gathered (about 175) had married lineal kin or collaterals, at least through first cousins.
582 However, informants told about two /Kung men in B.P. who had married their
835 cousins: we could not find out which type of cousins. What was interesting was the
605 attitude of the informants. They said the men should not have done this, but there was no talk of madness or danger or expressions of horror such as we had observed when incest was spoken of at other times. No punishments, social or divine, had been meted out, according to the informants. Some said they thought it was not too bad a thing for a man to do, especially if the woman were a FaSiDa, who is not, they said, so much like your sister as a MoSiDa. I believe that the anomaly of the system's allowing joking with cousins, although it prohibits marriage, mitigates, in all probability, the force of the incest taboo and accounts to some extent for the tolerance towards the breakers of this rule.

How much deviation there is in marrying second and third cousins we do not
[124] know. We soon gave up trying to gather data on relatives more remote than first cousins because informants so often did not know the names and we could not rely on the information.

582 One account came to our ears of a man who had violated the incest taboo with his
627 stepdaughter. He was /Gunda Legs, the MoBr of old Gau of Band 1, and he lived
684 with Band 9. He is dead now. What he did was so outside the good and the normal
835 that it could be accounted for only by madness. He had drunk the milk of a young gemsbok doe, the people told us, and this is what had made him mad. Something
159 came from his forehead and went in and out, a sort of swelling. After that he fell
[753] in love with his stepdaughter, ≠Nisa, and married her, and both she and her mother were his wives at the same time. The people ' laughed at him ' so much because he had made such a horrifying ' mistake ' that he took his stepdaughter and lived apart from his band—the only instance we know of a man and woman living alone. They had a son, ≠Toma, who died young. When /Gunda's madness waned he sometimes came back to his people; he would go again when his madness returned. People said they did not understand why ≠Nisa went with him. They mocked at her, said that she was *dole*, 'bad', and that it was ' nonsense ' to fall in love with one's stepfather.
[154] Our informants laughed uneasily when they told about it as they laugh when they tell of vultures eating their meat or of being chased by fierce bees when they try to take a honeycomb. There came to my mind a penetrating remark made by //Kushay, the wife of /Qui in Band 1, which might, I thought, be applied to ≠Nisa. //Kushay had said, ' When a Bushman girl goes against the customs of her people and people talk about her and say she is bad, she is very unhappy. She would hear the people talking and be ashamed and would come to them angry—angry because she is ashamed ', or, I thought, go away because she is ashamed.

183 Deviations occur in the fourth category. Two men we met had married women
553 with the same names as their mothers. A man named /Ti/kay married the daughter of another /Ti/kay, and there were other such instances. /Qui, the husband of the above
582 //Kushay in Band 1, said he proposed to do this himself. The girl's family had flatly
608 refused, but he was going to keep on trying. ≠Toma said he would not do this but
835 he sees some people doing these things. There are not enough women whom a man may properly marry, he said, and he would be in favour of changing the marriage prohibitions among name relatives so that a man need avoid only ugly women.

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considerable difficulty with the interpretation, but I believe they finally understood what I was trying to say. They did, they said, and added that one sleeps very well afterwards.

Co-wives attain varying degrees of harmony. The expression of jealousy, especially loud wrangling, upsets everybody, as all expression of discord does. Women are trained by group approval to mould their conduct to acceptance. But often painful jealousy does beset them, and the tensions are there, though to some extent hidden.

/Aha, wife of a young /Ti/kay in Band 13 at Gam, and still a young woman herself, had with her fierce jealousy driven /Khoa, the pretty young second wife, wailing into the night, back to her family's scherm. /Ti/kay used to sit for hours upon hours singing soft, sad, sweet laments for /Khoa, but she did not return to live with him.

The behaviour of /Naoka and Di/ai, the wives of the medicine man, Gao, in Band 1, was more typical. Both women were approaching middle age, Di/ai somewhat younger than /Naoka. /Naoka had two married daughters and a teen-age son when Gao married Di/ai. The two women obviously disliked each other, but managed to preserve a decent semblance of harmony by self-control, silence, avoiding each other as much as possible in the small space they live in by their fire, and by separating often—going with different groups of relatives and friends to gather wild plant foods, to fetch water, or to visit.

A few men said that the jealousy of co-wives could be so unbearable that they would not marry a second wife, but one said it made him feel good to have two women fighting over him. Most of the men said they wanted more than one wife. They pitied Laurence Marshall because the laws of his land forbade his having several, which they considered him rich enough to afford. One said he would not live where there were such nonsensical rules.

The first wife is considered to have a somewhat more highly esteemed and dominant position. She is supposed to have the right to tell a second wife what to do, and a young second wife should fetch water and wood for the older wife, but I never saw this done.

No property or other material advantage is given a first wife and no important social advantages accrue. For instance, headmanship is inherited by the headman's eldest son by whichever wife he may be borne, and being the mother of a headman does not place a woman above other mothers of sons.

It appeared to me that first wives were often at a disadvantage. Among the people we knew, the husbands favoured their younger, second wives with two exceptions: /Ti/kay of Band 9 favoured his first wife, the elder sister, and Gao, the headman of Band 2, favoured his first wife. Both were good-tempered, intelligent, able women. They appeared to take care of the young girls who were their co-wives, rather than to be served in any way by them. Other older first wives seemed sometimes to be dejected. One told me her husband always took the young second wife with him and, to her deep humiliation, sometimes left her, the first wife, to stay for a time with one or another family in the band, although she said to him, 'Why do you shame me so?'

None of the /Kung women informants expressed enthusiasm for polygyny. Each wanted a husband to herself. They did not expound the social advantage which

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One of the most rigid social rules the /Kung have, besides the incest taboo within the nuclear family and its extension, is the giving of bride-service. We heard of no deviation from it. A boy or man of any age, a headman or headman's son, an important medicine man, all go to live with their brides' parents or other relatives in first marriages and subsequent marriages, whatever the age of the bride.

The duration of bride-service is indefinite. Informants told us a man must stay with his wife's people until three children have been born. If he goes when the girl is eight or nine, she may not have her first child for possibly seven or eight or more years. It is safe to say that ten years of bride-service are not unusual. It is long enough for the boy's youth to have turned to manhood and for him to be looked upon as an able, responsible head of his family. After his bride-service is fulfilled a man may remain with his wife's band or may return with his wife and children to his own.

The Wedding of !Nai and |Gunda

/Nai was a pretty little girl, we think about eight years old, or so, with a quick responsive smile, when she was married on 22 May 1953, at Gautscha. The bridegroom, |Gunda, was about sixteen, we judged, and the people said he was the best young hunter among the boys of the territory.

/Nai belonged to Band 1, |Gunda to Band 2. Both of these bands belong to the water-hole at Gautscha and were encamped there at the time, about 100 feet apart. We lived with Band 1.

/Nai's mother, Di/ai, had divorced her former husband, Gumtsa, the father of /Nai, and was now the second wife of the medicine man, Gao, in Band 1. |Gunda's mother, Khuan//a, had divorced |Gunda's father, Bo. Khuan//a was now the second wife of Gau in Band 2. Both Gumtsa and Bo were living far from Gautscha.

The two mothers had betrothed their children some time previously. We heard that Di/ai had had her eye on the strong young |Gunda, saying, 'We must get this boy for /Nai so he will take care of her and we can get enough to eat, also karosses', and had gone to Khuan//a to propose the betrothal. Khuan//a had said, 'Yes, this is very good.' The mothers exchanged gifts. Khuan//a gave to Di/ai a necklace of five strings of ostrich egg shell beads which reached to the umbilicus (shorter strings would have been inappropriate) and Di/ai gave other beads and copper wire ornaments to Khuan//a.

Gumtsa, /Nai's father, heard about the betrothal. He had hoped to arrange a marriage between /Nai and someone of his choice at Kubi where he lived. One day in November 1952 he came to Gautscha to complain, he said, that he had not been consulted and to protest against the betrothal and take /Nai to Kubi with him. Tension rose. /Nai cried and looked very frightened. The members of both Bands 1 and 2, though they had no theoretical authority in the matter, all expressed themselves and poured torrents of talk over the affair, mostly supporting Di/ai in her steadfast refusal to yield /Nai, saying that Gumtsa had not fed /Nai, had not so much as sent her a gift, and should not now come and interfere in her betrothal. After four days of this Gumtsa gave up and went home.

Meanwhile the affair, like a spoon stirring in a pot, brought to light another tension. Some of /Nai's relatives began to express disapproval of her betrothal, not because they wanted her to go with the father but because they were angry with

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Khuan//a, the mother of the bridegroom. They claimed that Khuan//a was stingy—and worse. /Nai's stepfather, Gao, had given a present of beads to one of his relatives. A knife which was gradually making its way to him as a return gift had been diverted by Khuan//a to one of her relatives. Khuan//a, some claimed, was 'like that!' /Nai's MoSi, /U, the wife of ≠Toma, said in a voice that could be heard across the werf that Khuan//a had 'borrowed' a coal from her fire one day without asking. At this, Khuan//a had with quiet dignity risen from her fire place and walked off to the water-hole. /U also said, but in a low voice, that Khuan//a, while she was still married to Bo, had been sleeping in the bushes with Gau till the people said to Gau 'What are you doing with Khuan//a?' She then left Bo and married Gau, although they were distant relatives, in some way we never could trace, who should not marry. Gau loved Khuan//a so much, /U sniffed, that he spoiled her and let her have power over his belongings. /U had no doubt but that Gau would soon find himself very poor. /U disapproved of /Nai's marriage to the son of such a woman but said that she would reconsider her position if the knife which had been diverted by Khuan//a were now given to Gao, as had been expected.

It never was, but gifts of ostrich egg shell beads and a blanket were given and Gao declared himself satisfied. /Nai's mother wanted the marriage so much she was ready to overlook the matter of the knife and they all started again in peace.

Nothing more happened about /Nai's wedding until the morning of 21 May 1953, when we noticed the two mothers together building the wedding scherm. They had placed it between the two werfs about twenty-five feet from the fire of the bride's family. The scherm was slightly larger and more nearly round and much more carefully built than the usual skimpy structures.

Next morning /Nai's mother asked me if I would bring the wood for the bride's fire. I knew it was because her back ached, not to honour me, but I felt honoured anyway and brought the wood.

All that day /Nai sat at a short distance from her family's fire, the fire that each family keeps burning in front of the scherm for cooking and for light and warmth at night. The fire-light is more of a house to the Bushmen than the scherm is. /Nai was covered, head and all, with a big gemsbok kaross of her mother's. She wore her usual beads, but no special regalia brightened the sombre grey-brown of the old kaross.

Just as the sun was setting, without speaking to her mother and stepfather, /Nai walked alone over to another fire, seven or eight yards away, the big kaross still pulled over her head and trailing behind her. She went to this fire because it was the fire beside which she had recently been sleeping with her mother's widowed cousin, since she had reached the age when girls and boys leave off sleeping beside their parents. Her old great-uncle was there. She sat down opposite him. He paid no particular attention to her and they did not speak.

By then the sun had sunk below the horizon. /Nai uncovered her head but kept the kaross tied around her waist and over one shoulder in the way karosses are customarily worn.

Presently two girls came to /Nai. They had waited till twilight was deepening into darkness because people sleep at night and a wedding is a 'night-thing'. One was ≠Nisa, /Nai's stepfather's daughter by his first wife. The other was Xama from

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159 585 Band 2. She was /Nai's second cousin (MoFaBrSoDa) and the first cousin once removed of the groom (MoSiDaDa). The attendants were not selected for their precise relationship to the bride. They were the only young kinswomen present in the two bands. The girls sat down and chatted with /Nai for a moment and then stood up and, giggling and chattering, took /Nai by the arms. /Nai drew back. Then Xama pulled /Nai's arms over her shoulders, bent and took /Nai on to her back so that her feet did not touch the ground. Xama carried /Nai in this position to the wedding scherm, laid her down inside, to the left of the opening as one entered, in the dark shadow, and covered her over with the kaross. There /Nai remained. We did not see her again that night.

It is the custom for the parents to take brands from their own fires to light the wedding fire of the bride and groom. Presumably this was done, though I did not see it. When the girls arrived the fire was burning and a young man, a cousin of the groom, was tending it. The two girls sat down by the fire on the women's side.

562 834 352 /Kung men and women must sit on opposite sides of the fire.[1] They believe that if male and female genital organs should touch the same spot on the ground the man's hunting powers would be vitiated and the woman would get a sickness in her genito-urinary tract, not an ordinary, human, communicable disease but a magical one. The woman's side is to the left as one faces the entrance to the scherm, the men's to the right. The fire is always in front of the entrance if the scherm is built, but, more often than not, if the weather is good, or the people are travelling and staying [342] only one night, or the wife is lazy, she hangs the family belongings in a bush and does not build a scherm. Then it is the custom to thrust two upright sticks into the ground to represent the entrance, so that the family may orient itself.

159 585 In the werf of Band 2, about twenty or thirty yards to the west, a group of boys had come to /Gunda to attend him. They were all the young boys of the werf who were approximately his age, two cousins (MoSiSo) and four of the sons of /Gunda's stepfather by his first wife. The boys made a show of catching /Gunda and held him by the arms for a moment, laughing and talking. Then they formed a line with /Gunda following at the end, walked to the wedding fire, and sat down on the men's

[1] This taboo reveals the association which, I 224 833 believe, the /Kung make between the hunting power of men and the male sexual principle. Both must be protected, and sexual activity must be controlled and constrained lest the life-giving and food-producing force of men be weakened or drained away. During the period of a hunt a man must not have sexual intercourse—that is, while the man is looking for game and, after he has shot his little poisoned arrow into the animal, while he is tracking it for miles and waiting and watching for days till it dies of the poison. A hunt usually demands many days and nights of effort and privation.

[783] Too frequent indulgence in sexual intercourse with one's wife, even when no hunt is in progress, is believed to diminish a man's hunting power. Some men believed that once in five nights was best; others thought once in three nights was all right. Men who have the joking relationship constantly play upon the theme of excess, taunting each other: 'You do not know hunting, you know women', 'You cannot leave your wife long enough to hunt.'

[841] The /Kung are less strict about another taboo. A woman is supposed not to touch a man's hunting gear at any time, because this would lessen his power to hunt. But I have often seen women touch assegais and quivers. Indeed it has sometimes been urgently necessary to do so when the children got hold of them, as, for instance, when the three-year-old ≠Gao, agile as a flea, took after us with his father's assegai, infuriated with us for some sudden notion of his own. There is a medicine called *gov govna*, made from a plant, which may be rubbed on the weapons to purify them if they are touched by women, but I never saw this done and doubted if anyone bothered with it. The effect of a woman's touching the hunting gear is much stronger if she is menstruating. I assume they are more careful then.

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side. /Gunda sat behind the line of boys, in a deep shadow, to show that he was 159 ●
' ashamed ' and respected (feared, *koa*) the wedding scherm. 585

One of the boys began to play, not their ceremonial music or special wedding music, but songs of the *//guashi*, as they call them, the little wordless melodies these [533] people compose about happenings in their lives, about pleasures or distress, about their moods. They play and sing these melodies for hours upon hours in the afternoons when they are resting or in the evenings by their fires, and they played for hours that night at the wedding fire.

Soon young guests began to arrive, the children of both werfs with whom /Nai played, all of them younger than the boys who attended /Gunda and the girls who carried /Nai. The youngest guest was the ubiquitous three-year-old boy who never missed anything. No adults came.

One boy brought four mangetti nuts with him and ro[illegible]d, cracked, and ate them himself. That was all that appeared by way of a feast. D[illegible]id that they would like to have given the children something to eat but there was nothing in the werf that night. Even though the others had had something to eat, the bride and groom would have had to abstain. They must not talk or eat, to show they are ' ashamed '. The young guests seemed to enjoy themselves, nevertheless, and were still singing and chatting when I left at midnight.

Soon after sunrise the following morning—/Gunda had already departed—/Nai's mother went to the wedding scherm and sat down beside the embers of the night's fire. /Nai stood shivering beside her in her little genital apron and the duiker skin [291] which women wear around their buttocks and up between their legs, but stripped of her kaross. The mother had brought a little fat (eland fat, if they had it, would be [825] used) and a bit of powdered red stone, one of the red earths (*/gam /gai gwoie*), mixed with fat. She rubbed /Nai all over with the fat, and drew a line on her forehead and [302] a circular design on her cheeks with the red powder mixed with fat. Over in werf 2, Gao, Nai's stepfather, presented /Gunda with a blanket.

This completed the wedding ceremony.

/Nai was a lively child who loved the dancing and singing games the girls play. 159
She often danced alone, tapping her bare feet on a stone in rapid rhythm or making a 462
game of printing a design in the sand with tiny steps. She liked babies and as often as not had her infant half-brother or some very small cousin tied to her back. That morning she appeared to turn into a housewife as though it were her next blithe step. When the women went to gather veldkos, she put on her own little duiker skin [222] kaross, took her digging-stick and went with them. At the end of the day, when they returned in the slanting sunset light, she had two big roots. She went straight to her own fire, blew on the embers, added wood, and sat down. Three ostrich egg shells [415] full of water and her digging-stick were her household goods. These she arranged beside the scherm. /Gunda came and sat down opposite her. She smiled at him and set the roots in the ashes to cook.

It has been said in talks with informants that the bridegroom must bring an 159
antelope which he himself has killed to the parents of the bride before the wedding, 183
but no animal had been brought; there had not been a scrap of meat in the werf for 585
days. I asked Di/ai about this. ' Oh, that,' she said in effect. ' Yes, he should give me an antelope, but we thought we would have the wedding first and that /Gunda would

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585 [159] [183] then come with us when we leave tomorrow to gather *tsi*. He will hunt from that place and get us some meat.'

The ritual elements in the wedding ceremony, in so far as we observed, were as follows: (1) carrying the bride so that her feet do not touch the ground; (2) covering her head so that the sun does not shine upon it; (3) waiting till the sun has set before taking her to the wedding scherm; (4) the fact that the scherm is specially built and set apart from the others; (5) anointing with fat; (6) painting a design on the forehead and cheeks with powdered red stone; (7) lighting the wedding fire with brands from the fires of the bride's and groom's parents.

585 881 [174] Apart from the third and seventh, all these elements occur also in the Ceremony of the First Menstruation, a more elaborate and prolonged ceremony from which the /Kung wedding ceremony undoubtedly derives. The design on the face is the same; the girl's feet must not touch the ground from the instant her first menstruation begins to the end of the period, when she is washed and anointed with both eland or other fat and the oil of the *tsi* (*Bauhinia esculenta* Burch).[1] When the girl is taken to her special scherm or moved out of it to urinate or defecate she is carried on the back of a kinswoman. A kaross over her head shields her from the sun whether she is sitting in the scherm or being carried out.

Our endeavour to bring to light the meaning of the ritual elements yielded little. The meaning or origin of the design on the face, I was convinced, was not withheld but lost to memory, lore or myth. 'It is our custom' was all the people could tell me.

[171] About the ritual of the feet not touching the ground, the custom frequently observed by divine kings and menstruating girls, the /Kung had no more illumination. They think that the carrying is the overcoming of the girl's symbolized modesty about going to the arms of her bridegroom, which she should properly feign even if she is eager to go, and her reluctance to separate from her own family: I think that when the attendants take hold of the bride and groom by the arm and pull them a little they symbolize the overcoming of reluctance and modesty and perhaps there is even a vestige of bride capture in that gesture, but of the feet not touching the ground the meaning is lost. Obviously, however, in this society the bride is equated to the menstruating girl. In the past the girl's wedding and her first menstruation may have [174] been celebrated at one time.

The /Kung say that the sun is death-giving. When the three months of life-585 giving rains are past, the sun dries up the water pools. It kills the fresh leaves and 821 fruits, dries the roots and berries, and would scorch the people if they did not find shade and dig shallow pits and lie in them covered lightly with sand which they have moistened with their urine for coolness. They pity the morning star, the *kuli |gaishay*, which crosses the sky all day ahead of the sun, has no branches to carry for shade and cannot turn aside to rest under a tree. The sun is a 'death thing' and the bride 593 585 is shielded from it.

602 The most important element of behaviour with respect to kinship in the wedding

[113] [1] Robert Story, *Some Plants Used by the Bushmen in Obtaining Food and Water*, Department of Agriculture, Division of Botany, Union of South Africa, Botanical Survey, Memoir No. 30, 1958, p. 25. Dr. Story was a member of the 1955 and 1957 expeditions. We gratefully acknowledge whatever botanical identifications we mention as his.

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dangerous under these conditions. Anger turns upon the adulterer. We were never told about a woman being killed or even very severely punished, but a husband is considered to be quite within his rights by /Kung rules of conduct if he kills a man who sleeps with his wife. However, the adulterer may fight back. With poisoned arrows both men might be killed. Fighting is so dangerous it is feared by the /Kung with a pervading dread.

Nevertheless, although prudence counsels against it and anxiety attends it, adultery does occur. During the years from 1951 to 1958, five instances in our sample came to our knowledge. When it did occur, the most clearly observable behaviour was the attempt on the part of related persons and other members of the band to help resolve the situation in order to avoid fighting and discord, for fighting, like fire, may spread and consume much before it is quenched.

A husband and a young widower had quarrelled and almost fought over the attentions of the young widower to the wife. The fight had been averted by the husband running away. He came to Gautscha where we were with Band 1. When I saw him handling his weapons, his face contorted with emotion, visions possessed me of the two men, both angry and afraid, shooting each other in nervous self-defence, writhing, bleeding, and dying in agony, and I was as filled with the fear of fighting as any Bushman. But before sundown that day the affair was resolved in the following fashion. A relative of the young widower undertook to use his influence and went and brought the young widower and the wife to Gautscha. The relative had two motives. He wanted peace, as everybody does, and he wanted no disgrace in his family which the affair would bring, for the young widower and the wife were sexually taboo, albeit in the mildest and most extended way. He was an able man and he succeeded. The pair agreed to his behests. When they arrived at Gautscha the wife went directly to her husband and, to our suprise, in a few minutes they left the werf with their child and came over to our camp, where they settled themselves right in our cleared camp space. Presently the young widower came too, with his three children, and settled himself beside the others. Under our wings they had less fear of each other's flares of temper and tensions relaxed. In a day or so the young widower left. Peace prevailed. The wife was still with her husband in 1958. The young widower was taken by the B.P. authorities, we heard, for killing a man in another quarrel over a woman.

When John Marshall was with Band 1 in 1957–8, ≠Gao Lame, the unmarried young headman, took to sleeping with /Ghia, the second wife of Old ≠Gao, headman of Band 10. Nobody seemed to expect a great deal of /Ghia, who was thought not to have very good sense, and she was not blamed nearly so much as ≠Gao Lame. His family railed at him quite openly. 'People get killed doing that', said /U, his sister (≠Toma's wife). ≠Gao Lame eventually stopped sleeping with /Ghia. John thought the group's expressed opinion really did influence him. Furthermore, ≠Gao decided it would be best to go to Old ≠Gao and say he was sorry. Old ≠Gao said ≠Gao Lame was right to come directly to him and that they should not fight. He gave /Ghia a mild thrashing instead. Then /Ti/kay of Band 9, who was /Ghia's MoBr, roused up the whole affair by claiming that when ≠Gao Lame 'insulted' /Ghia he also insulted him—/Ti/kay. /Ti/kay, the husband of the two charming sisters, an intense and vital man, especially gifted in performing the curing ceremonies

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159 627 684 578 as a medicine man, although in a cool moment he could speak eloquently and philosophically about the evils of fighting, was an erratic person, self-centred, frightfully jealous, shrewd to see that no one got more than he, quick to take offence. Gao, the medicine man in Band 1, husband of ≠Gao Lame's older sister, Di/ai, shouted out that /Ti/kay was a trouble-maker not to leave well enough alone. /Ti/kay thereupon foully insulted Gao Medicine, who shouted back that /Ti/kay was not fit to be a headman. /Ti/kay, now in a rage, called out that Gao lied to his own arrows. John said that some of the people flattened down on the ground or got behind things at this point. But two of /Ti/kay's half-sisters, who were present, threw themselves on him, pulled him away, and sat down beside him, holding his arms. He quieted down and Gao Medicine also sat down and was quiet. As the tempers cooled, peace took hold once more and, John says, the affair did not flare up again, at least during the remaining weeks he was there.

In some societies it would be incumbent upon kin such as MoBr or SiHu to feign anger and make a show of fighting to satisfy the conventions of honour. We observed no episodes which raised this question other than the above. John was strongly of the opinion that the emotions were genuine and that /Ti/kay's temper, which we had all experienced two or three times before, had released itself once more, but that once more a fight had been averted because people wanted peace and harmony most of all.

Illegitimacy

848 851 There were no illegitimate children in our sample in the years 1952–3 and we discovered no social norms established with respect to illegitimacy. Girls are usually married before they are old enough to have children. But, we asked, what would happen if a girl had a baby before she was married? People said the parents would go to the father of the child and say he must marry their daughter. Did they know anyone who had done this? No.

Suppose that a child were conceived in adultery and it were known with certainty that the father was not the woman's husband, what would happen to that child? we asked. The baby would be kept by its mother, of course. After they had talked things over among themselves, one informant said, and others agreed, that they thought, if the woman's husband fed the child for years while it grew, he would be justified in keeping the child and the biological father should not try to take the child away.

159 848 There is such a child now in Band 9. In 1955 or 1956 white farmers came into the Nyae Nyae region and illegally recruited some /Kung families. These families tried to run away from the farms some time later. They told us that they were followed by two white men and a white woman on horseback with guns, led by a ' tame ' Bushman tracker. These people forced the /Kung to return to the farm by threats and pointed guns. In the fracas some of the /Kung got away. Husbands and wives were separated. When the S.W.A. authorities learned on which farm these /Kung families were, they acted promptly to restore them to their bands, and fined the farmer, but two years had passed. One girl had had a child by one of the /Kung men. Once they were all restored to Nyae Nyae, the girl went back to her own husband with her baby boy, and was with him in 1958. The people said the baby's bio-

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logical father, as well as his mother's husband, should do something nice for him. Perhaps when he receives his first assegai his begetter will give it, for that is a very proud thing—but we do not know what the future holds for these people or where they will be by then.

The dominance of men

Wives are much desired by the young men, who usually wait for years for their infant fiancées to grow up, and by men who want second wives, and by widowers. /Kung women are not only precious as mates, they are the food-gatherers and supply more of the daily food than the men do. Hunting[1] is very arduous in the Kalahari and the hunters succeed in bringing a big meat animal to the werf only about once or twice a month. Meanwhile women have dug roots and gathered berries and the other wild plant foods to feed their families every day. /Kung women in their two roles make a very great contribution.

In /Kung society, however, the magnitude of their contribution does not make women dominant. There are factors which bring the men forward clearly into dominance and leadership.

The primary factor is undoubtedly strength. /Kung men are small and slender, but they are wiry and vigorous. With their strength they carry and protect the very life of their people. When they swing their weapons and implements and their small children on to their shoulders and stride out in front of the women, the image seems to reveal, as vividly as if a great artist had painted it, how the laden following women are borne up by the strength of their men and take heart from them.

Another factor which brings men clearly forward is the character of hunting and its reward. Women bring the daily food, but there is only drudgery in digging and picking in the hot sun and trudging back in the early evening to the werf with heavy roots and berries and babies all sagging in the pouches of their karosses, a small dead tree or two on one shoulder for the night fire, possibly another child astride the other shoulder. Many of the vegetable foods, furthermore, are rather tasteless and harsh and are not very satisfying. There is nothing splendid about returning with vegetables and wood. The return of the hunters is vastly different. The intense craving for meat, the anxiety that goes with the hunt, the deep excitement of the kill, finally the eating and the satisfaction reach to the very core of the people, engaging powerful emotions. Once, when an eland had been killed and the hunters were sighted with the meat on their backs, moving in a dark, lumpy, bobbing line in the golden grass, we heard the sound of voices in the werf rising in volume and pitch like the hum of excited bees. Some people ran toward the hunters, others crowded together at the edge of the werf, some danced up and down, the children squealed and ran about, the boys grappled and tussled together. The motion and sound had the effect of a vibration. Another time a young man who was said to be the best hunter in the region (/Qui Hunter we called him, his people called him Short /Qui), had been charged by a magnificent cock ostrich on a big open pan where there was no refuge. He knelt facing the creature till it was within close range and shot an arrow straight

[1] John Marshall has described /Kung hunting in his film, *The Hunters*, Peabody Museum Film Study Center, Harvard University, and in 'Man as Hunter', *Natural History*, the magazine of the American Museum of Natural History, New York, vol. lxvii, No. 6, June, and No. 7, August, 1958.

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609 they must smoke, or when they are dying of thirst and must
648 come in to beg for water.

● 159 Once I talked with a young Bushman who had visited one
563 of our camps in Bechuanaland many times, who spoke Afri-
[191] kaans, and whom I shall call Tami. I could speak a little Afrikaans, so he and I could talk together. He was in his early thirties and had been working for some time for European farmers. When I met him he was married, and as his wife had
[465] just had a baby, he felt that his ten-shilling-a-month wage was inadequate and he planned to move to another part of the country where he hoped to be paid more. As it is rather unusual for a Bushman to uproot himself from his own country, no matter how long he has been on a farm and away from his own people, I asked him where he had come from and how he had learned Afrikaans.

[153] "Oh," he said, "I learned Afrikaans in the places I have
[191] been. I have worked for white men since I was a young boy and I have always been fast to learn their languages. In the same way I have learned the languages of the black people."

"Where did you live before you worked for white people?" I asked.

"We lived not far from Nurigaas, at the edge of the police zone. I am a young person still, but I remember that Nurigaas was all wild then. We always lived there."

"With your parents?"

"Yes, until the police boys [1] took the old man my father."

I asked him what had happened, and he said: "We lived at the edge of the police zone, you know. We lived with
888 other Bushmen there, and my sister, she was there. My
159 mother's father was still alive then, but he was too old, he
563 couldn't even carry water, and my mother had to do every-

[1] Police boys are native policemen, usually Bantu.

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thing for him. She was his daughter, so she was glad to do it, but my sister and I thought he was just an old man who sat and coughed and spit. He didn't like the Europeans or the black people either, and my father didn't either, and that is why we lived on the other side of the police zone. On one side were the police boys with camels—that was in the old days with the camel patrol [2]—and on the other side the lions and the Bushmen asked for your pass.

"One day my father went hunting and he was gone two days. Then my sister said: 'He must have shot a giraffe.' A giraffe is royal game, you know, and you can go to jail if you kill one, only my father didn't know it then.

"Yes, and that day two police boys came on camels and a white man on a camel. The police boys had a rifle and the white policeman had a rifle and a little gun in his hand. They had a Nurigaas Bushman walking with them, but he didn't come near us because he was ashamed. One police boy spoke the language of the Bushmen, and he said: 'Where is the old man who lives here?' and my mother pointed to my grandfather and she said: 'This is the one,' but the police boy said: 'Not that one, I want your husband. Where is he?' 'I don't know,' said my mother, but the police boy said: 'How can an old woman like you lie to me?' and my mother just covered up her face and said nothing. Then the police boy and the Nurigaas Bushman found my father's spoor off in the veld, and they all followed him with the police boy and the Nurigaas Bushman walking and the white man and the other police boy on the camels. Next morning they came back with my father, they had his hands tied behind and a rope around his neck and he was running behind the camel. His face was

[2] Until quite recently, the police who had occasion to go into the desert rode on camels because camels could endure desert conditions far better than horses, and could go through soft sand where trucks could not.

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159 563 625 all thick, you know, and he had to hold his head back because the rope was choking. My mother, she ran after the police boys and called them to stop. She said: 'I will speak with the old man before he dies.' But the police boys had no time and they went off with the camels' heads going up and down and the old man running, running, running, behind.

"And my mother fell down in the dust and cried, and my sister did too, but I didn't, I watched my father instead because I didn't know when I would ever see him again. I told them so and I was right, because later a Bushman who came up from the south told us that they rode the camels through a river and my father was drowned. It was the rope around his neck that choked him, though. That is what happened, and I remember it all, but it happened a long time ago.

159 563 "After that, my mother wouldn't stay in the veld without a man and she took us near the waterhole of Nurigaas because the veld was no place for us when my father was dead. But I 571 would like to find that Nurigaas Bushman who followed my father's tracks.

"Then one day a European farmer came in his ox wagon and he said to my mother: 'Who will give me a boy for this pound of tobacco?' And my mother was afraid, so she took the tobacco and said to me: 'He wants you to go with him.' I cried, but the white man took me and put me in his ox wagon and gave my mother another cup of tobacco, but she told him she didn't want it and wanted me to come back. But the white man drove away and my mother ran along beside, crying. She said: 'Wait! Where will I get another boy when he is killed like my husband?' But the farmer didn't hear her. I got sick riding in the wagon and my bowels opened and I was ashamed because the farmer's Bushmen were riding in the wagon too, and they said: 'Why are you crying? Don't be afraid.' But I was afraid because my grandfather told me

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that white people used to hunt Bushmen and wanted to kill us for our land. The farmer took me to his farm and I pulled weeds and watched his cattle. He gave me milk and corn-meal, but I didn't like it. I told him milk was for babies and I wanted him to take me back to my country, but he laughed at me.

"He called me Goliath because I was so small. Goliath, come here. Goliath, watch my calves. And later he gave me a shirt to cover my body and then I went to work for another master, who gave me a goat, and then I worked for my last master, who paid me shillings. But I am leaving here too because in South-West Africa they pay better. I am a father now, you know."

The day Tami left, I walked over the veld toward a road to say good-by to him, and when I got halfway there I found that he had come halfway to say good-by to me. He was holding his goat by the horns, and behind him his wife, wearing a horrid rag of a European dress, was standing with the baby inside the front of the dress. I gave Tami a knife and his wife a scarf of mine, although I had nothing to give to the baby, and they said good-by to me and turned, Tami dragging the goat around, pretending to be very jaunty, and they set out walking toward the road that leads to South-West Africa.

Times have changed since Tami's father died. In those days, to be sure, there was a great deal more friction between Bushmen and non-Bushmen than there is now because the Bushmen who lived near the farms of European or Bantu farmers quite often killed cattle. It is sometimes said that they did so because they were unable to distinguish between cattle and wild game, or that the cattle drove away the wild game so that the Bushmen would have had no meat if they had not killed the cattle, but I very much doubt that either of these things was true. Most probably, the Bushmen found

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136 stood on his branch with the legs wide apart, bracing himself against the wind. When I got near he dropped from his branch and let the wind carry him away, and I saw that he had been watching a colony of ground squirrels close by which had not seen him and did not see me. They, too, were miserable with the cold, for they walked around slowly as they looked for seeds to eat. I sat down to watch them, which they noticed, and some of them stood up to watch me. Their fur was oddly greenish and it blew in the wind showing little patches of white. They had long fat bellies, long heavy thighs, and little feet, and when they stood up they, too, kept their legs wide apart and braced. As they peered at me I heard on the wind almost inaudibly high, soft whistles, their cries of warning to each other. They decided I was dangerous and vanished down their holes.

123 I came back to the werf with some wood, which I gave to the Bushmen. They reached out their hands for it and put it on their fires, but they didn't say a word. Later, in our camp, we put all the wood we had on one great fire, where the Bushmen joined us and where we spent the morning making and drinking cocoa. We even put up a white canvas, and, lying between it and the fire, we were fairly warm.

423 621 602 159 Ukwane used that occasion to tell us something about his life and his relatives, his former wives, the children he had fathered and where they lived. Most of this centered around melon rights, or who could live in which areas, for if a person is born in a certain area he or she has a right to eat the melons that grow there and all the veld food. It is perhaps this factor that explains in part why the Gikwe bands are composed the way they are; a man may eat the melons wherever his wife can and wherever his father and mother could, so that every Bushman has in this way some kind of rights in many places. Gai, for example, ate melons at Ai a ha'o be-

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cause his wife's mother was born there, as well as at his own birthplace, the Okwa Omaramba, where we had found the eighteen Bushmen, who after all were not strangers but closely related to Gai and Ukwane and an extension of Ukwane's band. 423 621 602 159

Ukwane himself had had three wives, and he and his first wife had been divorced, which Bushmen do by announcing the divorce and separating. There is no ceremony connected with divorce, and no difficulty, as there is no ceremony connected with any marriage but the first. After a divorce a Bushman man may take up residence with another woman whom he prefers. 586 587 159

Without the visible evidence of ceremonies, however, it is hard for non-Bushmen to recognize what is happening, as occasionally Bushmen live together for short periods without being married, or commit adultery. But in cases such as these there is someone who does not want the union to be permanent, either the man or the woman, or perhaps his or her children; perhaps even the man and woman are tabu relatives, and unless everyone concerned is more or less in accord, the union does not take place. Among Bushmen, incest and adultery are strongly condemned. 837 159 [684]

Once, among Kung Bushmen we lived with, a woman ran away from her husband to take up with another man. She had considered marrying him, and they ran off one night to his family to live permanently. When her husband found out, he got so wildly angry, taking up his spear and sharpening it, that the headman of the band set off after the elopers to preserve the peace. My brother and I went with him, and at noon we found the lovers resting in the shade. 837 593 [578]

The headman talked with the elopers and told them how they were bringing shame on both their families, and how the woman's husband was violently upset. By this time the

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him and back to her parents. The husband was enraged and set off after her, but when he finally found her his anger had been replaced by longing and he pleaded with her, reasoned with her parents, and plied them with the meat of an entire eland he had shot, asking for her to return. But she would not, her parents would not make her, and finally she drove him away with these words: "I don't want an old husband like you, you man with a big black belly."

Thereafter, the marriage was recognized by everyone as dissolved. The husband was sadly disappointed, but the two women, at least, were pleased.

Both Kung and Gikwe Bushmen permit divorce, condemn adultery. We saw very little marital strife among the Kung with whom we lived for over a year, and none among the Gikwe. Even so, many Bushmen over thirty years old in both groups had previously been widowed or divorced. Death and strife take too many people; a Bushman cannot really expect his first marriage to last him all his life.

Ukwane's second wife had been a widow, the mother of Twikwe, and when that woman had died Twikwe had lived on with Ukwane. His third wife was Kutera, and their only living child was Gaiamakwe. Ukwane had another son still living at Chukudu, the Bakalahari settlement, who was surely one of the Bushmen servants in that long procession of Bakalahari villagers we had seen moving to winter quarters. We told Ukwane about this migration and Ukwane said he was sorry to hear it because he had hoped very much to see his son again before he died and many seasons might pass now before the son would come.

Kutera herself had been married twice before, once to a Bakalahari, once to a Bushman named Gainaho, and last to Ukwane, to whom she had been married about fifteen years.

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thought that he would have to wait at least four years more for her, he would get into such a passion of desire that he would have to send his wife away for a time, lest he forget himself and break one of the most stringent rules. Bushmen believe that it harms a girl terribly to be possessed before she is mature. It might even drive her mad.

Bushmen have no real solution for this problem, as there are no prostitutes and only in a few bands are there promiscuous women. Homosexuality is not permitted either; the young men just have to get used to being tempted constantly but never gratified.

Gai had raised his young wife, and when she reached puberty he had possessed her and she had borne him a son. This was the young man Gai had found at Okwa. Shortly after that his young wife had died and Gai then had married Tsetchwe, whose young fiancé had been taken away by a farmer to work on a farm. Gai and Tsetchwe had borne two children. Only one was still alive; this was Nhwakwe.

When we asked about the residence and about the parents of Gai, an argument arose. Gai lived with Ukwane because his wife wanted to live with her mother, Dasina, and Dasina lived with Ukwane because she and Ukwane were relatives, sharing a common grandparent. Gai himself, said Ukwane, was conceived by a Bushman mother and a Bushman father named Gwena, but Gwena had died while Gai was still in the womb. When that had happened, Gai's mother had gone to Chukudu to marry a Bakalahari man. She and the Bakalahari had then moved to the big rock in the Okwa Omaramba, where Gai was born. This was Ukwane's side of the story.

Gai had been listening, and when Ukwane had finished, Gai raised himself up on his elbow to say that Ukwane was quite mistaken, for the Bakalahari was his real father. An argument dragged on, the old people insisting that Ukwane was

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right, saying that Gai may have *thought* the Bakalahari was his real father, but that Ukwane knew better. I expect that Ukwane was right at that, for Gai certainly looked like a Bushman.

But whether father or stepfather, Gai said, the Bakalahari kept sending messages to Gai with Bushmen who might be passing through Ai a ha'o telling him to come back to Chukudu (probably to work), but Gai never did. Gai was too clever.

At noon the sun had warmed the air a little, although there was still an edge of frost, and the women got up and walked off together into the veld to search for wood. In an hour or so they came back heavily loaded, Tsetchwe with her kaross bulging with melons, perhaps twenty in all, a great load of wood on top of them piled higher than her head, and Nhwakwe riding on top of it all. Even in the cold air she perspired, and as her load must have weighed almost a hundred pounds, she walked leaning forward.

By night the cold had deepened. The Bushman boys came out of my tent and went home for dinner, then lay by the fires to sleep when the adults curled up in the shallow pits. The moon rose, a frosty circle, hard as a coin, and before we went to sleep that night we heard a jackal calling "tsa," out on the plains.

"Tsa," called one of the Bushmen, answering him.

"Tsa!" the jackal replied.

In the morning we were very pleased to find that the cold had broken. We woke up to find the sun just rising, and on the other edge the moon just sinking down, lustrous and pale in a current of balmy air coming warm from the equator. In the east, only the planets showed of all the stars; one of them,

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888 621 respect. In his family, the old man decided where the band would live.

157 Lazy Kwi's sister-in-law was called "the old woman." Her name referred not to her age but to her bearing and her personality, for she was outspoken, positive, and sure, qualities that are seldom found in young Bushmen.

609 She was not at all surprised to see us. She took my ear to turn my head, and kissed me on the cheek. Lazy Kwi laughed when he greeted us, showing a gap in his mouth where a tooth was missing, and called me his wife, a joke among Bushman men, who pretend they will marry any woman who is not a tabu relative. His baby hugged my legs and showed a huge white smile, then held up his arms to be lifted. He had grown so that I could hardly get him off the ground.

586 159 Many Bushmen who greeted us had been at Gam when we had lived there, and among them was a young girl whose name was Ungka, a very common name; as she had no distinguishing nickname, we called her Beautiful Ungka, for so she was. She was probably the most beautiful girl in all Nyae Nyae, and even though she was only sixteen years old she already had a flaming past. When she was ten she was married to a man much older than herself, but, young as she was, she knew what she wanted, and because the old man filled her with loathing she cut off all her hair and all her ornaments, rubbed ashes on her face until she was filthy, and swore she would stay that way until her marriage was dissolved. Of course it wasn't long before her husband and her parents complied with her wishes and she became single once again.

583 159 When she was about thirteen she attracted the attention of another much older man who was already married but who became so inflamed by her beauty that he begged her parents to give her to him as a second wife. This time her parents consulted with her, entreating her to marry him as

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she was getting older every day and already developing a reputation for shrewishness, but Beautiful Ungka flatly refused. When her admirer heard of this he felt he could not live without her and he asked his wife to kidnap her for him, but his wife, far older than Beautiful Ungka and quite possibly jealous, would not, so nothing remained for her admirer but to kidnap her himself. This he did, planning carefully, and one night when everybody was asleep he stole quietly to Beautiful Ungka's scherm, lifted her bodily from the side of her grandmother, and bore her away on his shoulder. The grandmother awoke and set up an outcry; but Beautiful Ungka, a girl of remarkable self-possession and composure, didn't kick or struggle because she knew she wouldn't stay with her captor long. When her kidnapper reached home, masculine and forceful, he flung Beautiful Ungka down in the back of his scherm on the far side of his wife "to show," said the Bushmen, "that he wasn't afraid of his wife or anybody," and Beautiful Ungka lay still, as if subdued, until she heard that her captor and his wife were asleep. Then she got up, stepped over them, and walked home. That was the end of that episode.

Every day she became more beautiful. Her parents tried hard to marry her to a steady young man, and as she would have none of her suitors, they chose a second husband for her, this time a young and presentable man in his twenties who had quite a number of worldly goods got by working at Gam for the Chuanas. So Beautiful Ungka, now fourteen, was married again. By now she had menstruated and was old enough for intercourse, but although she lived with her young husband she wouldn't let him touch her and he was driven to despair. He did everything for her, requiring no work from her at all—his relatives helped feed him—and once he walked forty miles, from Gam, where he was living, to

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159 593 Gautscha, where we were, to ask for medicines from us that would relieve headaches that Beautiful Ungka had, then forty miles back again to bring her what we gave him. And yet she would not love him; she told him the medicines didn't help her at all (which was probably true) and she asked to go back to her parents. But her parents, wanting her to try harder to stay married, wouldn't rescue her, and her husband was pleased. After that her husband borrowed a donkey from the Chuanas to bring her to us at Gautscha, hoping that we could cure her with pills, not of her headaches but of her moods. She rode all the way while he walked leading the donkey, and when they arrived she said she would not live with him but with others of her relatives instead. Public opinion prevailed in this case and Beautiful Ungka was finally forced to stay with him. While he went the forty miles back to Gam to return the donkey, Beautiful Ungka got a relative of hers to build a scherm for them, and when her husband came back they lived in it together.

One night in this scherm, when Beautiful Ungka's husband was sleeping and she was lying reluctantly beside him, he must have dreamed of her, for he tried to possess her in his sleep. Beautiful Ungka, malicious girl that she was, sprang from her bed and rushed about the werf in the darkness screaming as loud as she was able, calling him dirty and filthy and at the same time telling all the startled people what had taken place. Her husband was ridiculed for days, and Beautiful Ungka used the event as an excuse to separate, for shortly after that her parents came to live with her, saddened and defeated, and her husband was sent away. But the young man loved her still and would walk miles to visit her, for they were still married, only to be sent back wherever he had come from as soon as he arrived.

159 All that can be said is that she was extremely handsome.

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When we met her at Gam we noticed that she had begun to walk like a beauty, proudly and aloof, but she was only sixteen and soon her reserve broke and she was very friendly, happy to see us, and we noticed then that her husband was not with her and was nowhere to be found. In fact, as we looked at all the faces, we saw that many people who should have been there were not. We asked for this person and that person, and the two Chuanas, instead of answering, invited us to their house where we could talk. My mother, my brother, myself, and Ledimo, the interpreter, who had been with us before and had been almost suffocated by the demonstration of affection he had received, walked to the village of Gam while the rest of the expedition went on to make camp.

The village of Gam was more peaceful than ever. We first went through a tiny gate in the high fence of cut thorn bushes which surrounded the village, put up to keep the cattle safe from the lions and other wild creatures at night, then past the ten or fifteen Bushman scherms that housed serf Bushmen, to the central part of the village where the Bantu houses were. There had been two; now there were three, but one was unfinished, and this was a large square dwelling with a window and a door. The other two houses—occupied by the two Chuana couples—were round, built of mud plaster, and had great thatched roofs but no windows, only doors. A thorn bush had been pulled into one of the doors, intended to keep the dogs and goats of the village from walking inside, a sign that the owners planned to be away for a long time. Gourds with milk in them hung from the roofpole of the other house; leaning against the wall was a basket of souring *muhengo* grain. The Chuana woman was brewing beer. A goat had been butchered and skinned and hung from a tree by one hind foot, and the sunlight shone red through it like sunlight shining through an ear.

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159 Toma the headman, sometimes known as Male Toma, an [55] honorary name, sometimes known as Toma the Short, so-called because of his stocky build, was a famous person, and once had been a serf. He was born of serf parents at Gam, and as a boy had worked for the Chuanas, drawing their water and herding their cattle and goats.

672 682 159 When Toma was a boy, his father was murdered by a child, the result of a terrible accident which took place one day when Toma's father was arguing with the father of a boy named Gao. Gao, who couldn't have been more than ten years old, became upset and angry when he heard his father quarreling and, taking his father's weapons, shot Toma's father in the chest with a poisoned arrow. The old man was helped to the shade, the arrow was drawn out and the wound sucked, but as there is no antidote for arrow poison the old man lived only for the rest of the day and by night he was dead.

Oddly enough, the crime was connected with the old man and not with Gao, the young murderer, for ever after that day the old man was referred to as Tsamko Bone Arrow, [55] while Gao in later years became known as Gao Wild Pig, after a pig he had killed which was in some way remarkable.

159 Toma flourished as a young man and became an excellent hunter with tireless legs, tireless eyes, and a deadly aim, and it was said of him that he never returned from a hunt without having killed at least a wildebeest, if not something larger. Hence, the people connected with him ate a great deal of meat and his popularity grew. He once said of himself: "From the day I was born I was born for meat."

159 622 591 When Toma was in his late teens, some say, his powers in hunting attracted the attention of the headman of Gautscha Pan, who offered Toma the hand of his daughter, Tu, in marriage. Toma accepted, went to live with his wife's peo-

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ple, according to custom, and, when the old headman died, took over the leadership of the people in the area. He was not the true headman—his position would not be inherited by his son, for headmanship is passed only from father to son—but he was recognized as headman while he lived and it was a great honor to him that this was so.

Tu's brother was the rightful headman of Gautscha, but he had abdicated to live with his wife's people in the north. Her elder sister's husband, a man named Gao Big Feet, also had a right to the leadership in that his wife, Dikai, was older than Tu. But neither ever contested Toma's position as leader, for it was not a position which Toma held by force or pressure but simply by his wisdom and ability, and people prospered under him. No Bushman wants prominence, but Toma went further than most in avoiding prominence; he had almost no possessions and gave away everything that came into his hands. He was diplomatic, for in exchange for his self-imposed poverty he won the respect and following of all the people there. He enjoyed his position, and, being strangely free from the normal strains and jealousies of Bushmen, he saw justice clearly and hence he led his people well. At Gautscha his werf had been right beside the werf of his father's murderer, for Toma was friendly even with him.

Toma had a short, stocky body and a shock of tangled hair. He was strong, too, and very co-ordinated, so that every motion he made was quick and controlled, and not a gesture of his was wasted. As a result of this enormous and unconscious control, accidents almost never happened to him. His face was broad, lined with many deep wrinkles at the corners of his eyes and mouth as though from smiling, though it was not from smiling that he got them but from years of squinting at the sun. His expression was usually dark and wondering, his forehead drawn intently into a frown, but

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142 159 622 sometimes he would abandon his gravity and laugh a high, reaching laugh that one could hear from far away, a laugh that came from his very soul, or, as Bushmen say, from his stomach. He listened diplomatically and intently whenever 159 153 he was spoken to, staring at the gound, and had a habit of echoing, in a loud falsetto voice, the important phrases of every sentence he was told.

"We went to Keitsa Pan," someone might say to him.

"To Keitsa," Toma would reply.

". . . and we slept there, but the blind flies were very bad . . ."

"Oh, bad, bad . . ."

". . . but in the morning we saw two porcupines . . ."

". . . yes, porcupines . . ."

". . . and we killed them there. We made them cry . . ."

". . . made them cry . . ."

". . . made them cry."

159 142 Toma was considered to be very fortunate in his marriage. Of course it was through his wife, Tu, that he gained the leadership of the Gautscha people, his life free in the veld rather than in serfdom, and his two young sons, but besides all this his wife was beautiful, having a smooth face and great, clear eyes like a cat. Also, she was five feet tall, considered to be a very desirable height, and although no Bushman has ever been too fat, Tu was not too thin and her arms and legs were round. She had soft blue scars curving on her forehead which made her eyes seem to lift at the corners, and blue scars on her thighs that showed when she walked. Her 159 577 chief virtues, in the eyes of Bushmen, were that she decorated herself with ornaments in her hair and kept her hands 515 301] and face washed, thus demonstrating that she cared what she looked like, rather than letting herself go now that she was married. To show that she observed propriety, cared what

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people thought of her, she didn't leave her fire at night to go visiting, even to the scherm right next to hers. Rather, if she had something to say, she would shout it across the werf.

Her deference to appearances and public opinion seemed to make up for her faults, for she was considered to be almost a model personality in spite of her extremely jealous and vindictive moods which caused her to accuse others, quite unreasonably, of selfishness, greed, and other such things. Her husband and sons were not excepted, but this was something that Toma had learned to ignore. He would simply shrug his shoulders if she railed at him, pretend he didn't hear if she railed at others.

When she didn't assault her family with her tongue she sometimes harmed them actively. Very often she would lie sullen with narrowed eyes in front of her scherm watching the other women walk out to the veld in the morning on their way to dig veld food, and on these days her husband and sons would eat nothing unless, driven by hunger, they went to the veld themselves, the three of them together, to dig up a few roots and eat them raw. Tu herself did not experience hunger as a result of these moods, for she would have saved herself a morsel from the day before. It was her right to do this: among Bushmen every root is owned by its digger and is shared only at its owner's wish.

Toma might ask but would never command Tu to feed her family, for as he had learned to ignore her biting tongue he had learned to accept her moods. This was his way, appeasing her, and because Toma wanted peace perhaps as much as he wanted Tu, he pampered her.

This was not always so. One day gossiping people told us that early in their marriage Toma shot a fat kudu and Tu said: "Don't cook all the meat because my mother will be coming to visit us."

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159 Toma remarked that the meat was there for any use, but
578 Tu misunderstood him and, thinking that he denied meat to
593 her and to her mother, she flew into a rage, attacked Toma,
152 and gave him a nasty bite on his arm. Toma lost his temper entirely and pinched her cheeks together until his fingers met in her mouth. His anger had come now, the people said, and he threw her into the fire, saying: "She is a woman. Why does she make me so angry? Shall I take a stick?"

A small crowd had gathered, and, as usual, the family quarrel became a public affair. Several people helped Tu out of the fire, found her barely scorched, but her cousin seized Toma and began to shake him. This enraged Toma so much that he caught the cousin around the waist and threw him into the onlooking crowd. The people said: "We must stop Toma because if he is so angry he may kill someone," and with that they led the cousin out of Toma's sight.

Toma shouted after: "If you do that again, we will get our arrows and fight to the death. Stop here. I am very angry. Do not make me more angry."

One of the men who had helped Tu said to the cousin: "I took his wife from the fire. You, her cousin, almost got killed for the way you went at Toma. If you want to help people, don't get angry with them. Keep calm. Don't increase anger as you did with Toma." With these sage words the incident was over.

159 The people said: "After that everyone knew how angry
593 Toma could be, so from that day on he never had another fight." Everyone honored and respected him, everyone except his wife.

But Tu had certain redeeming qualities. When she was in a good mood she was charming. She would smile at everyone, speak in a light voice instead of the low, menacing voice that

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she used when she was angry, a cat growling, and would be affectionate to Toma and her sons. Very often, when she was happy, she would dance a light, short dance to a song that she sang herself.

Tu had borne four children, four sons, to Toma, but the first two sons had died. One of these had died at birth, "had died in the veld without a name," said Toma. The oldest living children, born after the others were dead, were a boy of about eight years old and a boy of five. While we were there in 1953, Tu bore her first daughter, a strawberry of a baby who was named for two people—named first for Toma's sister, but also Norna for my mother; her name is Lorna, but Bushmen have trouble with the *l*. In order to fit us into their society, the Bushmen had given us names and niches in the kinship of Toma's family. My father was named for Toma's father, my mother was named for Toma's mother, my brother was named Toma for Toma, and I was called Dikai for Tu's sister. Toma therefore named his daughter for the person who was named for his mother—not at all unusual, as it often happens that a child may bear the names of two of its relations.

Now, hoping to find Toma once again, we started the truck motors, fired a rifle, called and called, in case he might be living far from the water, but no sound came from the great veld to answer us and we began to search in the bush around the pan for signs that might show us where he was. We found two empty scherms built in the rainy season, their grass thatches gray with weather, their little piles of fire ashes sunk into the ground, and near these scherms we found the skull of a bird and the shoulder blade of an antelope, all white, bleached, and dry. Farther on we saw a tree where the woven grass nests of weaver birds were hanging empty, swinging

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621 tance, but Toma said now that he would take us to see them someday soon because he believed that we would be able to help them; one man in their band, a man called Short Kwi, or sometimes Kwi the Hunter, had been bitten in the leg by a puff adder and was very badly hurt. We got the impression
159 that he had been bitten recently and, hoping that we might
621 draw the poison from the wound, we said that we would leave
752 at once. But Toma said that it had happened during the last rainy season, so there was no use hurrying; other Bushmen had cut the wound and had sucked the poison, saving Short Kwi's life, but his leg was so badly hurt that he couldn't use it. It had turned black, said Toma, and black liquid ran out at the wound. We thought then that there would be nothing we could do to help; but perhaps rumor had exaggerated the misfortune, and so we told Toma that we would certainly go to do what we could.

224 Short Kwi came from a famous family; he was the younger
159 brother of the man who murdered Toma's father, but Short Kwi was famous in his own right, famous as a hunter. He often killed more game in a year than many other men kill in their lives, a great hunter among a hunting people. The other Bushmen told stories about him—about the time he had killed four wildebeests in a herd of many, about the time he had killed an eland, a wildebeest, and a wild pig all in one day. It was his technique of hunting to be relentless in his pursuit; therefore, if he shot an animal and suspected others to be in the vicinity he would let the wounded animal run where it would while he hunted on and shot another, and another, and when all were as good as dead he would rest, then return to pick up the trail of the one that he felt would die the soonest. He almost never lost an animal, for his eyes
[15] were sharp and he could follow a cold trail over hard ground and even over stones; he could tell from fallen leaves whether

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the wind or passing feet had disarranged them; and the meat that resulted from his prolific hunting was never wasted, for he would bring other hunters to help him dry it, then carry it off to a werf somewhere to share with others.

He knew the habits of animals from the ways of the largest antelope all the way down to the smallest species of mice; in fact, he must have known animals very well, for he could always find them. He knew when he was in danger and when he was safe, and he was as brave as he was careful. Once, Short Kwi, John, and two other hunters were tracking a bull wildebeest that one of the hunters had shot. They came upon it lying down, surrounded by a very large pride of lions. There were twenty or thirty lions in all, having got there first and claiming the wildebeest as their own, for the bushes were full of lions walking back and forth, watching several other lions brave the fallen wildebeest, still able to protect itself with its horns. The braver lions were standing near the wildebeest, obviously steeling themselves for the attack, when the hunters arrived. The Bushmen had followed the wildebeest's trail through thorns and over the parching desert and were not to be deprived, and, speaking softly to the lions, they said: "We know you are strong, Big Lions, we know you are brave, but this meat is ours and you must give it back to us."

Even after these words the lions did not give ground. Their round eyes watched the hunters and they began to growl, and the four men, quite unarmed except for their arrows and a spear (to use a spear would have been folly), said respectfully: "Great Lions, Old Lions, this meat belongs to us," and then advanced on the lions, throwing little stones and clods of dirt. The lions in the bushes began to back away, while the braver lions stood their ground until a clod struck one of them, causing him to huff and run back a little. At this, the courage of the other lions broke and they all turned and

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159 224 157 scrambled for the safety of their companions, by now quite far away.

The hunters, victorious in this battle of nerves, had the bull wildebeest all to themselves, but now found that they could not approach it either. Having fended off the lions (it thought), it now tried to lunge to its feet to fend off the men. Short Kwi borrowed the spear from its owner and hurled it into the wildebeest's neck, where it stuck fast. Now they had no weapon at all. Their arrows would be useless. The sticks and stones they threw at the spear did not dislodge it and all their efforts to retrieve it by creeping up on the wildebeest from behind did not succeed, for as soon as one of them would edge near enough to touch the spear the wildebeest would toss its horns so quickly that the man would have to jump back, grazed. At last, while one of the men distracted the wildebeest from the front, Short Kwi backed off and rushed at it, jumped over it, and, as he passed over its back, jerked the spear free. The bull lunged and the curved horns hooked upward, but too late. Short Kwi was gone. Wanting a picture, John asked Short Kwi to do it again, but Short Kwi shook his head. "This time he will remember," Short Kwi said, and dispatched the bull by hurling the spear into its throat.

159 224 393 823 Sometimes, as on these occasions, Short Kwi hunted with others, but mostly he hunted alone. He knew every bush and stone in the area of thousands of square miles that he ranged over, and he lived for hunting. Caring more for this, his passion, than for society, he often hunted as he did when we had first heard of him, alone in the veld with only his wife—a young woman who was intelligent and gay and almost pretty, to whom Short Kwi was devoted—his baby daughter, and his mother-in-law.

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We had met him for the first time at Gautscha. He had come in from the veld one night to visit his brother, and we had met him in the morning. Short Kwi was a young, small man, shorter than his wife and so slender that he looked almost like a child. With long, light feet that took him everywhere, with heavy thighs but light calves like the thin shanks of a greyhound, and with a narrow, deep chest and lungs that never winded, he was obviously built for hunting. In the rainy season when the veld was soft and muddy he often hunted with only a spear and ran the great antelopes down, for though their hooves sunk and split in the mud, causing them eventually to tire, Short Kwi never tired and his strong legs bore him after them relentlessly, sweeping him down the long plains like a wind of death.

His life in the veld seemed lonely, but I doubt that it was; he had his wife, who adored him, for company in the evenings, and although she may have missed companionship more than he did, they were both shy, both quiet, and it may be that they both enjoyed their life apart. Short Kwi hunted most of the time. He would hunt on and on and when word would reach the large band of his wife's family that he had killed, the band would go out to where the animal was, dry the meat, and eat it. When there was enough meat Short Kwi would rest, would relax in the sun, would talk with his wife or make himself a new skin bag or garment, and when word would reach him that all the meat was gone he would move again. The men of his wife's family hunted too, of course, but never as successfully as he, yet his great ability set him so far apart from ordinary mortals that for once the Bushmen forgot their jealousy and agreed that he was the best hunter the Kalahari had ever known.

It is a custom among Bushman hunters to cut strips of skin

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from the foreheads of the antelope they kill and fashion them into bracelets which their wives wear on their arms. Short Kwi's wife and daughter wore dozens of these; their arms were covered and heavy with them. Short Kwi himself wore no ornament of any kind, nothing except a crown of badger hair which he owned for a while but later gave to Toma, the very crown that Toma's son now wore.

One day, said Toma, Short Kwi had been walking in the veld and had failed to watch where he was going. He had stepped on the tail of a puff adder, which had risen up and bitten his leg, just below the knee. It was a rare and terrible accident; in all the time we had been in the Kalahari we had known of only two people besides Short Kwi who had been harmed by snakes—a young boy bitten by a mamba who had died the day he was bitten, and a young woman who had been pulled into a waterhole by a water python and had drowned. Usually, snakes move away when you come near them, or if they don't, you can usually see them; but you can't walk with your eyes on the ground all the time, especially if you are hunting, as Short Kwi had been. His misfortune was regarded as a horrible accident and it was felt that the spirits of the dead were to blame. They had led Short Kwi down the very path the puff adder had chosen, and perhaps had even placed the snake where his foot was sure to fall. Toma and Goa Feet were very depressed to think of it. Although the talk turned to other things, Gao Feet mentioned the accident again and again; everything seemed to remind him of it. At last Toma said to us: "Perhaps you can help him hunt again. Since he was bitten his people have had no meat."

Toma told us that he had been with Short Kwi near Nama Pan when the third group of white farmers had arrived. The farmers had looked at Short Kwi and had offered to cut his leg off for him then and there. This had frightened the Bush-